

# TAKE-IT-TO-THE-STREETS-POETRY



"people getting words to people that don't get words"

Front cover design by:



"words are not so im-  
portant as to be  
vaulted away, nor are  
they worthless enough  
to throw away, so we  
give them away"

-DP-

# Generous Contributors

Page 5/6	Song In A Glass.....	Temjen Anachar
Page 7/8	Darkness Is Back.....	Paul Morris
Page 9	Untitled.....	Joylyne Hudnell
Page 10	Two Poems.....	Jack Henry
Page 11	A Split Second Seizure.....	Paula Lietz
Page 12	Moon Goddess.....	Sherrie Hendricks
Page 13	Quaint/Quiet Heart.....	Mike Taylor
Page 14	Waking Up.....	Victoria Ceretto-Slotto
Page 15	The Green Inhales.....	Donald A. Hagleberg
Page 16	Gray, Portrait .....	Desdimonia Casio
Page 17	ART.....	Nic St. James
Page 18	Lost In Fallacy.....	Michael John Badebadz
Page 19	A Mother's Love.....	John A. Mosely
Page 20	Little Boat.....	Patricia Costanzo
Page 21/23	Pearl Handled Deck.....	Will Crawford
Page 24	Angelcake.....	Lynsey Bailey
Page 25	Happy.....	Rita Krocha
Page 26	Thread.....	Pam Tucker
Page 27/28	Lifted.....	Corina Ravencraft
Page 29	Tomorrow's Children/Today's Leader .....	Kahit Minsan
Page 30	Acknowledgements and Links	

## Song in a glass

I

If I pluck the fiery stars  
into the shiver  
of my renegade  
fingers

And peel the pages of ruthless memories  
with cigarette butts  
and empty  
bottles littered across my face

If I wrap myself round this  
wistful wind  
and hurl my  
tears  
among the brigand mulberries

If I scatter  
the pollens of my  
song  
across my universe hanging imprisoned  
in a wooden frame on the wall

And if I  
riding the wise moon erase the symmetry  
of life and death  
left folded  
in the petals of a rose one wicked funeral

## II

Yet  
would these matter? when  
in the realms  
of visiting ghosts I hear your song  
escape  
the barricade of breathes and dusts

In the white glory of  
chandeliers  
and blaze of comet tails  
invade my selfish lullabies and smoky angels

And in that sweet  
vertigo of bare-knuckle dreams  
winds of laughter  
swishes through the tunnels of yellow  
memories  
yet tangled with it looms your ghostly whisper  
-'for once I belong'

**By: Temjen Anachar**

Darkness is Back

Darkness is back  
overcome with emotion  
the desolation of broken wings

I fight for happiness  
but that happiness comes at a cost  
a cost that has no change  
when I find solace  
it creates new boundaries  
boundaries that even if I conquered once before  
new rules are created at their lines  
which stop progression  
progression which I need for fulfillment  
but has become dull and inadequate  
right when I feel I am just about enlightened

My race for time  
just seems to become a race for nothing  
purely just existence for others who are  
there  
my intellect only acknowledges my own stupidity

I dream to become more  
but more overcomes my dreams  
so fulfillment becomes a murkiness of resistance  
the sub conscious begging its consciousness to  
choke  
stop with the torment amongst one another  
and through this commotion focus becomes blurred  
the deserved attention to the outside world be-  
comes lost

And for those out there, I am sorry  
sorry I cannot be that shoulder to cry on  
the one to turn to for comfort  
it would be uncouth of me to do  
you deserve much better than a mind that harbors  
darkness  
as your extension for solitude needs more than  
"yer that suxs."

I cannot give,  
what I can give,  
for I cannot even for myself.

By: Paul Morris



## Untitled

You may see her  
But she is not here  
Not there  
Did you see  
her eyes  
did you look  
while you had her there  
did you see inside  
last time  
because  
for one moment  
she was

**By: Joylynn M. Hudnell**

## Something

I need to wake up  
from this perpetual dream,  
an unending nightmare  
filled with demons and dope dealers -

I need something to  
make the needle  
skip to a different groove -

## Rain

outside my window  
rain continues to fall -  
rivers fill -  
levees break -  
and stars continue to shine  
even as clouds refuse to go -

**By: Jack Henry**

## A Split Second Seizure

whole lot of scared lurched with barbed scars into  
fresh lacerations exposing not a time line but my life line  
staggering through unspoken discourse I know well  
there is no direction there is no path

free falling amongst insensibilities and misspent energies  
bridging my life, passion on my heels kinetically knitting  
to the unknown future ahead of me, an enchanter this weaver

I crash and burn into the rapids of the river knowing  
calmness is there, I was told so, deep and unflustered in her  
tranquility yet I can't recognize the reflection in this pool  
of life

I try to sooth the eddies, swallowing water, like an eerie  
split second  
seizure I will remember drowning into forever

erotically we cascade over each other fashioning the current,  
becoming each other's muse, merging of elements creating cha-  
otic choices

in one's existence, the essence bigger than I yet it is just '  
I ', be still, did you  
perceive this phantasm of life, the universe is silver-tongued

above me below me and all around me I firmly know this balance  
I seek

is at my outstretched fingertips absorbing lessons within this  
river flow

it's the reach that signals my growth never settling for what's  
within my grasp

**By: Paula Lietz**



**Sherrie Hendricks**

Quaint/Quiet voice

quaint, quiet voice  
utters commands in 3 / 4 time  
we are ready, oh so ready

alabaster statues sit  
on podiums throughout  
as the room stutters

windows to the soul  
latched close  
during the daytime  
but fully open at night

heartwarm  
heartbeat  
heartfelt

no misunderstanding here  
it sounds like it looks  
and that's all  
we can ever ask

**By: Mike Taylor**

## Waking Up

Morning starts cranking  
in slow motion.  
Befuddled thoughts unfold  
like arthritic joints.  
Silence wraps the house,  
except for the groaning heater  
as it stretches and snarls.  
A train rolls toward  
city center  
emitting a plaintive lament.  
Everything's on the verge  
of arousing to another  
twenty-four hours.

People stir into wakefulness  
to repeat what they did the day before and  
the day before that.  
But here,  
creativity simmers, sparks  
then flares.  
Steam from a  
cup of coffee  
fogs the computer screen.

**By: Victoria Ceretto-Slotto**

### The Green Inhales

While I slept thru night  
Someone crept up and  
When my eyes where tight  
Stole all the air with sleight  
Of hand and bottled it in legal details;  
They project profit from the markup on whole-  
sale.  
I remain: the plant-food producer /oxygen  
grail.

**By: Donald A. Hagleberg**

`Grey` portrait from the `Underground` ~ The contrary fact

From the edge of  
huge tall prestige building;  
we share our feelings  
with our `limited coverage`  
we are never `allowed` to enjoy  
the cool cold `cube`  
as we are `dirty` and `shabby`  
They walk and laugh with their smelly odore perfume  
wrapped in `expensive beautiful clothes`  
Shiny and `trade mark` shoes  
Then drop their `penny` onto our eyes

We - they call us the have not - are  
just voice of the underground  
that screams of our `stomach suffering`  
that yells of our "children's education cost"  
that cries of our `criminal action`  
We are the victims of `time and place`  
They say.....!!!!  
Are we!!!!  
`Violence` is so close with our everyday  
We have no `choice`.....may we be excused?  
Every single day is `fighting`  
We are not aware of `holiday`;  
Sunday; day-off.....all is the same  
just the same  
Does `wealthy` belong to us --  
Still ???

Des ~ The last week of Ramadhan 1430 H

Let Love bring Peace and Happiness to All

**By: Desdemonia Casio**





Nic St. James

## LOST IN FALLACY

I'm walking alone on the street  
listening to my own heartbeat.  
It feels like I'm constantly dying  
...so hard to maneuver this suffering.

I've responded to world's views  
ignoring mine was an abuse.  
At the edge of a shifty time  
I caught myself in a trap and lie.

Fallacy lost me in life's game  
only I should be blamed.  
I haven't done my mere best  
to surpass its excruciating test.

Misery and pain with me remained,  
I thought I would be turning insane.  
No one even bothered to care  
heartstrings were agonizing to bear.

I was once lost but now am found  
cutting all deceits with no bound.  
I will firmly stand my ground  
giving no breaks to face another round.

By: Michael John Badebadz

## A Mother's Love

We were bound together you and I, by way  
of whispers and worn memories borne as  
scars  
as when you were too ashamed to see I  
cried  
at daddies whose embraces left me wary.  
Or how you made my soul a village scan-  
dal,  
and gossips tittered at your kissing  
crimes.  
But worse, then this, I was not an only  
born  
yet I alone was left at love's border.  
Still, when you were shorn and slaving,  
a waif  
to even your real children, the ones who  
cared,  
I came, as a stranger leaving them to  
wail,  
as forgiveness is for an angel cartoon.  
Yet I ask, as cold death seeps away your  
warmth,  
who was loved as I am free, and they are  
caught.

**By: John Alwyne-Mosely**

## Little Boat

Precarious atop this pillar  
Though joy our natural state is preached  
I struggle not to fall back  
Into the sea of negativity

Years daily doused with suffering  
In a house of eggshell carpets  
Until its familiarity no longer fit  
I gave myself permission to embark

My meagerness in a little boat  
I sailed to even stormier seas  
There seagulls heckled and  
Dark shadows circled waiting

Never alone I had my amulets  
My quill and fairy dust  
Precious beans and agates  
And my vial of sweet poison

When hard rains pelted and  
Lightening charred my tiny vessel  
I pulled them close and waited  
For the blackest cloud to pass

Now on unfamiliar dry ground  
I fail to find my balance  
And watch you flail in what  
Were my waters

I would trade my pillar for your boat  
If I knew the course  
For here you would sit in comfort  
And at sailing I'm adept

**By: Patricia Costanzo**

Pearl Handled Deck

you've sold your shadow  
for a discount flight

next your eyes,

black and blue  
almost beautiful

a stellar jay  
in a sky  
otherwise birdless

a bear of honey  
a comb of bees

buzzing disharmoniously  
beneath the thoughtless mirror

you test the surface  
with a rap of white knuckles  
before trying to walk through  
a fire burning in reverse  
a field of fallen stars

the light's never real  
by the time it settles  
fades into your skin

these inflamed  
summery tongues  
won't deign  
to touch you

a chill inside  
marrow deep

wealth is death  
so the poor just sleep

see storms in

radio static

hear heat  
off the back  
of overused tvs

turn your eyes inside  
find that glowing egress

now dream

of her fresh summer dress  
it could be a lemon tree  
leaning with the wind

a melody  
that hangs itself  
in graceful descension  
from a clothesline

forgotten, left out in the yard  
with the jaundiced moon,  
with the dogs barking knives

fodder for a haiku  
clue for a mystery

so here she stands  
naked before you

stinking of deep fried food,  
other men, cold sex,  
lonesome death

and you rummage  
through the jewels  
the velvet cache  
of her music box

searching for a lost note  
to sustain or suspend  
the moment

before your words  
disfigure it again

before your eyes  
sink with the dream

a sunset, a ship

your heart's wide open spill  
your gut's rumbling hunger

lumped up in the throat

wishing for a noose  
or some good news  
to hold your neck  
in poise.

**By: Will Crawford**

## Angel Cake

Grateful now for what I have got  
Have no energy left to grieve of what is lost  
She lays so peacefully in my bed  
And comforts me instinctively when I'm filled  
with dread

' We can run away together  
Live with fairies and fly on a feather  
Dance with pixies and laugh at trolls  
Spin high up on hills do cartwheels and rolls  
Make ice creams and cakes everyday  
Creating Angel magic as we play'

Her hands so small but her heart so big, My  
Sunshine my Rainbow my child  
I want her here to stay  
But never seem to get my way

**By: Lynsey Bailey**



## Happy

Happy with a strange sense of peace today  
With life in this moment,  
Even with time fleeting before my eyes  
Happy with a past that taught me,  
And in such tremendous pain held me  
Happy to be here under this twilight sky  
Thinking memories and dreaming dreams  
Remembering but not wishing it were.  
Happy to be alive and sitting here;  
Watching the world pass me by,  
Things and nature stealing my thoughts,  
With the winter clouds above my head,  
Slowly clearing off to a new sky  
Happy that spring will be here,  
Bringing back life to the soul.

**By: Rita Krocha**

Thread



Pam Tucker

## Lifted

When I had wandered far in life,  
and felt I had filled this skin from within,  
When I had learned to breathe in every moment,  
and brought myself back  
to remembering again,  
When I had wakened from a dreaming existence  
and the sense which had found me  
Manifested around me,  
I discovered that all that time I had walked,  
all the time spent wishing  
for feather-light wings, had only been preparing me  
For all of these things which this fledgling being  
at the edge of the nest,  
Trying to find courage to take the rest of the test  
and plunge  
Into the unknown sky of the future,  
Had to fall for awhile  
before the wind made me sure.

With each heart-beat and down-stroke of strength,  
these wings grow stronger  
And fuller in length,  
with banded fingers splayed 'gainst a rising sun,  
I've lived a full life, but it's only begun.

With the actualization of realization  
Comes freedom to glide on the thermals of dreams,  
When mind and heart are in tune  
with that inner blue moon,  
And eclipses exist to sharpen the lines,  
If you look for the light, you'll find your own gift for  
flight,  
And the lift will be right,  
And you'll know what it means.

Fly toward the future with a focused intent,  
Let fall from your talons all wasted years spent,  
Drop the ballast that you claimed for so long would  
sustain you,  
Remember paths walked,  
Long before you ever flew.  
And when you finally reach the zenith...

You'll soar above the world you knew.

**By: Corina Ravenscraft**

## Tomorrow's Children, Today's Leader

Please take this horrifying vision off... lest I be  
blind

Appease and lay me down gently... rest my weary mind

Sweet children whose hands... reach out for alms  
Feet and legs too weak to stand... and broken arms

Gazing up the sky... lifeless and filled with sorrow  
Grazing barren fields... to buy time or borrow

Seeking helplessly... for refuge to cower on  
Dying on the grounds... for flies to feed upon

Where are the natural riches... that spread these  
lands  
Were they brokered by greed... and sold to bigger  
brands

While plunderers wage wars... allowing children to  
suffer  
Pile of bodies sprawled... and many die of hunger

How can a great leader... spring from such population  
Vow to build the future... for the coming generation

Animosity created by conflicts... inside their own na-  
tion  
Atrocity continues regardless... of anyone's intention

Strange how change is elusive... as history repeats  
itself  
Estranged child once... now liberator and conqueror  
himself

**By: Kahit Minsan**



From the contributors to the recipients, I thank you for helping to make this a reality.

For anyone interested in learning more about, or to submit for future volumes of "take-it-to-the-street" please feel free to contact us @

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